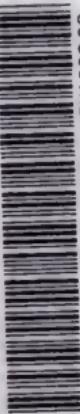


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JIMMY DON. p. 7.

# JIMMY DON;

OR,

## JUDY AND HER BABY.

BY

MRS. F. B. SMITH.



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# JIMMY DON.

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## CHAPTER I.

### JUDY'S HOME AND HOUSEKEEPING.

I SAW a little girl walking in the street the other day, and drawing her doll in a tiny carriage.

She was fair-faced, and blue-eyed, and golden-haired. She was dressed in a blue coat with swan's down for trimming, and a jaunty little white hat was perched above her curls. The doll was of wax, large and life-like, and had just such wrappings as a real baby would wear; a little white merino cloak, and a lace

hood, and a beautiful bright afghan, tucking it warmly into the pretty carriage.

Judy and her baby were not like this. I must tell you all about them,—you little girls that have fine clothes, and a great many toys to amuse you;—I must tell you about my Judy and her seemingly meager life, lest you should wonder at God, and dare to think him partial in his love and favor towards the children who call him “Father.”

I know you will laugh at the picture of my pets; but I look at it with tears in my eyes; though with a certain joy in my heart, which the poor teach me to feel oftener than the rich.

There she stands, as I first saw her in the summer time, a little wee figure of four

years' stunted growth, by the door of a shanty in the city suburbs. Her scant calico frock reaches just below her knees. Her little legs and feet are brown and bare. There is no covering upon neck or arms, and the only protection to her head is a mass of brown hair that makes a sort of crown, so short and thick is it. You would scarcely turn out of your way to look at this little creature if she were really to be near you in your daily walks, would you?

Perhaps I should not have done so, but for the loving notes that greeted my ear, and for the strange thing in the child's arms.

"Baby mustn't cwy," she said, hugging the object of her love closer to her breast, "Mover (mother) will carry her little one

with her wherever she goes, nobody shall touch mover's *Jimmy Don* to hurt it, so don't cry any more."

There was something so tender in the child's voice, as if her very heart was in the words of soothing that she spoke, that I could not help going toward her and saying, "Let me see your dolly."

She held it out with a sort of pride, but drew it back as if hurt, when I smiled.

It was a small demijohn, with the cork marked with eyes, nose and mouth, and around the neck was pinned a bit of calico folded like a shawl. This was Judy's baby; the little darling that made her soul joyful all the day, and stirred her lips to sing and coo and speak sweet, gentle words of caressing. It was wrong in me to laugh. It was as if I had made

light of some distorted child, whose mother forgets all but that God has given it to her for a comfort and blessing. I was sorry in a minute, and hastened to make peace with the little wounded matron.

"I will make a bonnet of white and pink worsted for your baby," I said, "and a little pink frock; would you like that?"

"But it's a *boy*, ma'am, and must have a hat, my Jimmy Don," she answered, her eyes beaming with joy.

"Well a hat it shall be then, with a feather in it," I said, "but the frock will be all right, for boy-babies and girl-babies alike wear long dresses."

The child drew very near to me, and laid her brown cheek upon my hand. "I love you," she exclaimed, with a trust that was sweet to receive. One has only

need to give some attention to a baby, in order to win the mother.

"I must show you where Jimmy Don and I play," added the little girl, after a moment's silence.

It is a whim of mine to get away from the city's thoroughfare, where only the surface of life is seen, and to go out where the poor live, and where one can learn the secrets of heart and home, as revealed through the little children who have not yet come to outside burdens and cares, but who repeat, in their mimic way, the scenes that are enacted beneath the family roof.

Not far from the heart of the city where I live, just at the end of a horse-car route, there is plenty of space for such lessons as I love to learn by observation.

There are no compact rows of brick and stone houses, but here and there, few and far between, a large mansion with beautiful grounds, and now and then, a little way removed, a poor hut that is left by sufferance, until the owner of the land shall see that the market is ripe for a good sale, when he will sweep away the shanty as he would stubble from the earth.

Such a shanty was Judy's home,—built flat upon the green sward, without a cellar, and with no attempt at any thing but a simple shelter from the summer's heat and rains, and from the winter's frost and snow.

As she stood there beside the door, with her queer baby in her arms, and the shower of dandelions upon the grass, she

felt richer than the great lawyer who paced the gallery of the grand house a stone's throw off, knitting his brow because, out of his two millions of money, he had lost a paltry thousand by some unsuccessful speculation.

When she had taken my hand and gone a few steps, she dropped it suddenly, and stopped to pick me a little bouquet from her unfenced garden.

It was such a pretty hospitality ! I could see a dear, gentle heart in the act. A flower gracefully given,— it costs but a trifle ; and yet it is worth so much !

Judy was as happy as could be, because I was pleased with the gift, and pinned it upon my breast. I would not have wounded her sweet faith and trust by throwing it carelessly away, for anything.

My own little heart was too much hurt, one day in my childhood, by a good, but thoughtless minister. I regarded him with the utmost reverence, — his office seemed to me to lift him so far above other men, and his work of looking after dying souls was so holy. He had come on a visit to my grandmother, and I ran with delight to pluck for him two last rare buds from a monthly rose-bush. He took them without a word of thanks, and a few minutes after, I found them lying upon the shelf to wither forgotten, — but I remembered, and was wounded. Children receive such lasting impressions! We who have grown old must be governed by that thought, in all our dealings with them. Our Lord Jesus knew the worth of this precept,

“Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones.”

“How much gold, what a handful, you have given me!” I said to Judy, as the bright flowers showed conspicuously upon my black shawl.

She laughed a soft, silvery laugh, and looked straight into my eyes with hers, so blue and sunny. “God gives me ever and ever and ever so much; see!” she said, waving her little palm out toward the thickly covered sward, — “Jimmy and I buy fings with vis money; vey take it at our store.”

I did not quite understand her just then; but she made it all plain to me afterward.

She trudged on by my side, holding

my finger, and guiding me as we went away from the small, but past the big mansion, to a vacant lot, in which a cellar for a house had been dug and for some reason deserted after the foundation had begun to be laid.

There were steps leading down, and when we had descended we were quite secure from observation, as it was back from the street, in the middle of the lot, and very deep. It must have been left desolate for a year or more, as some rubbish from the premises near had accumulated in one corner, and grass was growing in certain spots, and an ailanthus had shot up two feet high out of the pile of refuse dirt, and stood floating like a flag of triumph above the ramparts. Judy

pointed to it with rapture. "My little tee!" she said; "I lay Jimmy Don under it to west sometimes, when the sun is hot."

The little girl had contrived to move some heavy stones, and form a circle with a stone in the center for a seat, and here she had her mimic home.

It was a strange admixture of the poor place that was perfectly familiar to her, and of the great house, into which she had an occasional peep when her mother was called upon to do any work in the lawyer's mansion.

It showed me how the little mind and heart were reaching out for things higher and better, and more beautiful than the cramped, gloomy hovel could give, and

how surely as the child grew in years, would these yearnings lead her to struggle for the greatest possible good.

"Vis is my kitchen," she said, showing me a nook that she had hemmed in with rough pieces of board. "Jimmy and I eat on vis table, and I wash his clothes in vis tub, and here, in vis box I keep my coal and kindling, and here is my cupboard wiv my dishes in it."

She had gathered in some pieces of coal and chips, and had little bits of blue and white pottery set up in her pantry. Outside the circle were two sticks stuck in the ground, with a line drawn across, and a blue rag fluttering,—"Jimmy's shirt drying," Judy informed me.

"I make bone soup, twice a week," said the little housewife,—"vey sell me ve

bones cheap at market, and I boil em up in vis iron pot. I'm going now to buy some bones, will you go wiv me? I have to take Jimmy Don, cos I'm afraid he'll cwy if I leave him alone."

The little creature was so earnest in her housekeeping, and seemed to regard me so really as a guest and not as a stranger, that it amused and interested me to enter into all her plans.

"I must get ve money first," she said, running up the steps with her baby on her bosom, and coming back in a minute with "two bits of yellow gold" as she called the dandelions.

"I'll sit here on this perch and watch you while you play," said I, choosing a short board seat that rested upon two stones.

"Oh, vats my sofa, like Squire Bowen's!" she exclaimed. "Vis is my parlor wiv ve best fings in it. My sofa's gween velvet, and don't you see ve pitty cushion, all wed, and yellow, and blue, wiv a little bird, and flowers all over it!"

Of course I pretended, though it required the child's vivid imagination to make any thing very soft or beautiful out of the rough things around me.

She was not contented, however, to let me rest, and watch her play; children want us to enter with a zest into what concerns them. A spectator to their sports is not to their taste; we must become, like them, little earnest actors.

So I went to market with Judy and the baby, and we paid the golden coins for our bones, and brought them home in

a big basket, with a few carrots and potatoes and onions surrounding, and a small red pepper, and a bunch of sweet herbs on top. Judy did the purchasing, and knew all the ingredients as well as any old experienced cook. "I've got salt, at home," she said, "and flour for ve thick'ning, and we'll toast some bread to put in ve tureen, when we pour out the soup. I can't stop to make dumplins vis mornin', cos Jimmy Don's cross. I guess his little stomach aches. I must give him some catnip tea. Vat's what mover used to give my little brover. He's my little brover still; but he doesn't live any more at my house. He's gone, mover says, to be wiv God and ve angels. Wouldn't you like to go vere? Miss — what's your name?"

The strange child had stopped stirring the soup with her large wooden spoon, and had come up to me, and laid her hand upon my knee, while her pretty blue eyes searched my face. This was the first moment that she had seemed to care to know who I was. She had taken me upon trust altogether, and had confided to me that she was little Judy Turner, and that the hut among the dandelions was where she slept at night with "mover," but that all day long she and Jimmy kept house together in their own home, in the old cellar, and had such good times!

She said, "Miss Karlen, Miss Karlen," over and over again, to fix my name in her little mind, and then repeated her question, "Wouldn't you like to go up vere to be wiv God and ve angels, and my baby

brover? Ve dark never comes vere, and tis a great deal brighter and pittier van it is over to squire Bowen's?"

The child seemed satisfied when I answered, "I'm trying to get to that beautiful place, dear little Judy. I do wish very much to go there, though I do not mind the dark here, for God is with us in the night as well as in the day, and will make it all bright and happy if we think of him."

She went back to her soup making, and when it was finished, ladled out a dish for me, and helped herself, and fed Jimmy with a teaspoon, and afterward washed the dishes, and put them away in the cupboard, and swept the kitchen floor, and made herself tidy for the afternoon. Such scrubbing of face and hands, and

brushing of the brown hair! "Vis frock must do for to-day," she said, smoothing down the breadths with her hands. "I'll put on my white apron, and sit down wiv my sewin'; I've a dress to make for Jimmy, poor little fellow! He'll be wagged if I dont hurry about it."

I could tell that her mother was a neat, careful woman just as well as if I had seen her, and was thoroughly acquainted with her daily routine and habits; and I felt that so far as the child's training was concerned, the woman had done her very best, amid her poverty, to lift the little creature up and keep her out of the mire. It gave me a strong desire to go to her, and help her, in her effort to make of Judy's social position something better than she had herself been able to attain.

## CHAPTER II.

### JUDY'S GREENHOUSE.

THE little girl forgot her kitchen and her housework now, and began to play the lady. "Wouldn't you like to see my flowers?" she said, — "my gween house?"

It was wonderful how she had picked up ideas of taste and beauty. There were two or three ledges in the stone work, where a block had loosened here and there and fallen, or had been pried out, and here the child had actually placed pots of wild flowers. They had given the pots at the great mansion, and she had filled them

from the road-side, with whatever she could find that pleased her eye. Chickweed, and mullein, and pepper-grass, and the little pinkish gray "pussies" that children love so well to brush against their cheeks, and cowslips, and a tall white daisy.

It was a singular collection, but I doubt very much if ever the rarest conservatory gave more pleasure to its owner, than did Judy's "gweenhouse" to the little brown maiden who stood by my side, pointing proudly to her treasures.

"I bring my tin pail full of water every day, vey are such firstly fings ; vey drink it all up, and it makes em grow."

The child was delighted when I told her something about the plants,— how they have to feed upon the air, and the sunlight,

and the moisture, in order to keep life in them, just as much as she had to eat, and drink, and breathe the sweet pure atmosphere, if she would not die. Her blue eyes opened wider upon me with an earnest wonder, as I explained to her how the roots take the moisture from the earth, and make it into sap, and send it up through the stalk, and abroad over the leaves ; and how the sap is changed by the light and air, and sent back again with fresh vigor to nourish the plant, just as the blood courses through our bodies, to the lungs, and is purified by the air, and returned by way of the heart to all parts of our frame.

Of course I had to use very simple language ; but children are quick to understand when they are taught by objects that impress, and I was very sure little

Judy would never forget the "leaf lungs" of her pretty plants, that were so important to the life of the vegetable, any more than she would the lungs in her chest, through which she drank in God's blessed air.

"You see vat great white daisy?" she said. "Well I love it best of all my flowers. I bwought it from ve gween bed where vey laid my little brover's body, when his soul went away to God. Ve daisies stood all about in ve graveyard, bending ver heads down as if vey were sorry for mover and me cos we had to leave ve baby and come home wivout him, and I took vis one away wiv me."

"It can tell you a beautiful story about the dear little brother, if you will let it," I said.

Judy asked, "What?"

Children are always ready for stories, and grown people who have to deal with them should have heart and mind rich with such beautiful narrations as will profit, while they amuse.

The little girl sat down by me on the "gween velvet sofa," that was like squire Bowen's.

"You can lean on ve pitty cushion, if you're tired," said she; "'twon't hurt-ve bird."

"Now tell me," she added, as we were nicely and comfortably settled.

"Make believe I am the daisy speaking," I said. "Now see how I stand up here, so bright and lovely, with my pure white dress, and my golden crown!"

"Yes," answered the little creature, as

if I were really the flower, and were speaking to her, and expecting a response.

“Well, once I lay down in the brown earth, quite under the sod, and people walked about just where I was, and imagined what was to be by and by, when the glad spring time would open, and the frost and snow would vanish, and the sun would quicken to life all the seeds that were in the dark ground. But they always forgot, while the winter was with them, how very lovely this awakening would be. They would grumble over the chilling weather, and wish there was no such thing as the season of dearth and snow, and say to themselves, “How long it seems to the summer! How long it seems to the summer!”

Meanwhile, God was caring for me in my dark, deep bed. My life was hidden from the world. The people said, "The daisy is dead." They were mistaken. In our heavenly Father's good time the ice-bands were broken from the earth, and the warm breath of the sun came down into the deep place where I lay, and I heard a voice saying, "Awake ; arise !"

Then I had power given me to push up green sprouts through the mold and to catch the beautiful light and the rain-drops, and I grew and grew, and took upon me such glory that a dear little girl wanted me in her own home, to dwell with her, and she took me away from the place of the dead, and put me where her loving eyes can ever rest upon me, and we are oh, so happy ! so happy !"

"Vat is me," said Judy. "I like vat ; but about little brover ?"

"Yes I'm coming to it ; I did not forget. Like the daisy, he, too, is resting in the deep earth, but people say wrongly 'He is dead.' God holds his life in his hand, and by and by, when the winter of this world is broken up, and the brightness of the eternal day shines in upon the burial-ground, the little body will spring up with renewed powers ; and God will take it away from the place of death to be for ever with him, in his glorious home, where it shall have a pure white robe, and a beautiful crown of gold, and shall be so happy ; oh, so happy ! We must not be impatient for the winter of the grave to be gone. We must not murmur while our beloved ones lie resting in the ground,

and say to ourselves, 'I wish there was no such thing as death; how long is the resurrection in coming!' We must remember that God watches over little sleeping brother in the graveyard, and that we shall surely some day hear his voice saying, 'Awake; arise!' and that then we shall be for ever with our darling, and with God."

"Vat's a pitty story; thank you," said the child, "I like stories; tell me anover, please."

"I must go home now," I said; "but if God permits, I will come again soon to keep house with you, little Judy, in your green place. I believe I'm almost a child again myself, I've had such a good time here with you and Jimmy Don. Take care of the little fellow; I should feel sad

enough if any thing should happen to him before I shall see him again."

I thought only of the chance that the demijohn might be broken, but Judy, true to her motherly nature, said, "He's had ve measles and ve scarlet fever. I hope he won't get sick any more."

She hugged him closer to her heart, as if to ward off the very possibility of any evil, and trotted along beside me until I reached the car-route.

I was really sorry to say good-bye, the little creature had taken such hold of my heart. "I will try and come to see your mother in a few days, dear little Judy," I said; "don't forget me."

Forget me! Her eyes strained after me until the car was out of sight, and I could hear the earnest voice saying,

“Come very soon again, Miss Karlen, do come very soon again.”

## CHAPTER III.

### JUDY'S MOTHER.

A WEEK and more passed away, before I could fulfill my promise to little Judy. She was in my mind all the time, and my fingers were busy for her.

I crocheted a tiny hat of scarlet and white worsted for her baby-boy, and stuck a mite of a scarlet feather in it, and made a long red frock to correspond. I put sleeves to the dress, though Jimmy Don had no arms, and I took a childish delight in stuffing them, that they might better represent life. The hours flew on leaden wings, so eager was I to go to my new

friend, and to see her sunny blue eyes dance with joy for these added treasures.

I was visiting a rich relative, whose children had such quantities of expensive toys that they were satiated with them, and turned away from the most perfect and costly, to some rough thing that their own brains had invented, and their own hands made.

I was weary of nursery quarrels over trifles light as air, which would have had no place if the little lives were not tormented by the constant presence and watchfulness of two maid-servants, who anticipated every wish and thought of the children, and took from them all self-reliance.

I had partly decided to buy a large, fine doll for Judy, but my experience taught

me to wait a little while, and not to thrust too many gifts upon her, lest I should spoil her beautiful world, that was to her all the dearer because it was the work of her own creation; so I let the new doll go for awhile, and contented myself with the thought of helping the little child when she could not walk alone. I was fully resolved not to tie hands and feet, and put sickly sweets into her mouth, as was the case with my poor, rich, little relatives.

I made a small paste-board trunk, with a lid and a hasp, and packed it with Jimmy Don's new dress and hat, and set out one fine day on my journey, with as much glee as if I were going across the water to see the wonderful things that my eyes longed for. It is such happiness to know

that you have pleasure in store for others ; surely one feels the blessedness of giving, though only a cup of cold water !

Judy saw me afar off, for she sat in the shanty-door sewing two bits of calico together. She gave one bound toward me, and covered my hand with warm kisses.

“ I fought you were never coming any more,” she said. “ Poor Jimmy and I are tired of watching ; the little fellow’s fast asleep now, but mover’s here and will be so glad ! ”

A tidy-looking woman, hearing our voices, came to welcome me to what she called her “ poor place,” but one loses the sense of poverty when there is such perfect neatness as every where appeared in Mrs. Turner’s home. The bare floor was as white as soap and sand could make it,

and a smell of new lime told me that the walls had just been re-washed.

The table, set for dinner, had a pure cotton cloth upon it, and a plate of bread at one end, and a covered tureen in the middle. From an iron pot over the stove in the corner there issued a savory smell, and I felt certain that this was the famous soup that Judy had imitated in her own small way.

The woman was not at all fluttered. She was in her palace, and carried herself like a princess. I think she felt that her Father was a great King, and that despite her distance from his house and court, and her apparent lowliness, the thought of the dignity of her royal birth, and of the certainty that the King would some day call her to his immediate presence,

gave her a self-possession that others who have not this consciousness can not command.

You children will better understand me when I say that she was the child of God, and saw always near her the Divine Face, and so was never abashed by the coming of any mortal, though she was gentle, and meek, and courteous. She had a fresh, wholesome face, that showed her clean soul the moment you looked at her. It is a strong bond when I can take a hand like hers, and feel that we can kneel down together and say, "Our Father."

"I need not ask your name," said she, "for Judy has said almost nothing else since she met you. It was very kind of you to be so indulgent to her childish whims."

"The kindness was to me," I replied. "Little people do us who are growing old great good, when they make us forget every thing else to be children again. I don't know when I have been happier than with Judy and her baby, in the little play-time that we had together. I only hope we shall renew the pleasure often."

"The child is alone in the world; no little companions," she said. "It is better so than that she should learn evil ways; but it makes her an odd little creature to live so much with her own thoughts."

"She seems to have company enough in Jimmy Don," I replied; "I love to see her motherly tenderness toward that singular baby."

"You wouldn't wonder that she clings so to it, if you could know that it brought

life to her, poor little thing!" said the woman. "She was six months old, and wearing away because my milk did not agree with her. For some time I did not know what was the matter. It was pitiful to see her getting thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, day after day, until she could scarcely hold up her head at all. Then the doctor came, and told me to change her food, and I let her take it from this little demijohn, because she had it as a play-thing, and could hold by the handle as she drank ; and so she became attached to it. She used to go to sleep rocking it, and hugging it to her breast, as she lay rocking upon mine ; and when she got older I marked the eyes and nose and mouth upon it, to please her, and make it seem more like a human being, and now

I think it would nearly break her heart to part with it."

I was glad there were no other associations than those of sweet, pure, life-giving milk connected with the little demijohn. I knew that in many a lowly home, the miseries of children had come through these straw-covered channels ; and it was a question that I put to myself when I first saw Judy's baby, what had been its early history. Now my heart was at rest.

## CHAPTER IV.

### DINNER WITH JUDY.

THE child left me to talk with her mother, and went back to sit in the door and watch over Jimmy, and to finish her task of patch-work, before she could go to play, but now and then she would give me a sly glance, as if to make sure that I was contented, and would not hasten away. Somehow I had no wish to go very soon, and I had a sort of craving to taste the soup, that sent forth such a savory odor. The woman took it from the fire, and poured it into the tureen. "Perhaps you will eat some?" she said





DINNER AT JUDY'S.

rather hesitatingly,—“It is dinner time, and the soup is nice and hot.”

Judy brought the high chair, and perched close beside me.

“Will you ask a blessing?” said Mrs. Turner.

It is beautiful when the poor look up to heaven and thank God for “his *bounty*,” as they sit at their scanty tables. The blessing surely comes in answer to such grateful hearts. The few loaves and fishes turn to more than enough, and over twelve baskets of fragments are gathered up.

Judy folded her little hands and bowed her head, and said amen to the short prayer. Then we fell to work in good earnest.

“Delicious!” I exclaimed.

"Better van I made the over day," said the little girl. "Mover knows how."

I wondered what my fashionable acquaintances would have said, to see my enjoyment of this humble dinner-party ; and then there came to me the sublime thought, that I was privileged to sit at meat with God's poor, who had the honor of his presence much oftener than did the rich, when he came down to earth to walk with men. It seemed to me that I could feel a heavenly influence in this little shanty, such as I had never experienced in a rich man's house ; and then I knew that God makes up to the righteous poor for the lack of a perishable wealth, by a glory that will endure for ever.

The sun streamed in at the open door, making a flood of light in which the an-

gels stood gazing upon us. What if we could not see them ! They were none the less in the room, and the children of God have a spiritual consciousness of what the natural eye can not perceive. They feel God and the ministering spirits all about them, and it gives to earth a foretaste of the upper world.

Little Judy got down from her perch, and went and spread out her hands in the light. "I love it," she said, "and my flowers love it,— how vey gwow ?" Then she took her baby and held him in the full radiance, as in Paris they give the little naked infants a sun-bath once a day, to make them vigorous and healthy.

Her mother watched her with glistening eyes, and a face beaming with affection. "I have only the child left now,"

said she. "Her father was taken a year ago and the little brother just after. I do not mean that I haven't them still in my heart and thoughts, but one misses sadly the faces, and longs for them. God gives me great comfort in Judy though; we have happy times here together."

I could tell that, in every little arrangement about the place, things were fitted to please the child, as well as the mother. There were rough shelves low down, with a few toys of the woman's own make; a rabbit of white canton-flannel, with pink ears and black eyes; some paper dolls, and a small wooden table with a red cloth on it; and a little pile of story books, that had been gathered from time to time out of her spare earnings.

But what delighted me more than any-

thing, was a picture that hung at the foot of the bed. It was an engraving of the better sort, and represented a little child holding by the hand of her good angel, and looking up with a sweet, trustful expression that seemed to say, "I am safe with such a leader; I cannot hurt my foot against a stone." Mrs. Turner told me that it was given her by a city missionary, who felt the worth of such silent teachers in homes where there is not much to feast the eyes upon, and I thought it would be well if all colporters were provided with sacred pictures as well as tracts, for the refreshment and instruction of the poor.

There was a stand by the bed-side with a Bible upon it. A few chairs and a small bureau completed the furniture of the room. Those who are accustomed to

great luxury, to all sorts of superfluities, would say "What a barren place!" but the woman's face showed me that she had filled up what looked to others like empty space with visions of beauty and love, that never allow a discontented thought to enter the heart or wrinkle the brow ; and surely that place is never barren, where God and the holy angels make their abode.

Judy put the last stitch into the pink and white calico, and got her mother's approval of her work. Then she made a dive under the bed and pulled out a square wooden box to show to me. It held her baby's wardrobe — one little gray cape and a white apron,— that was all ; but she felt it an abundance, and began to tie the things about Jimmy and make him

ready to go with us. You should have seen her joy, as I gave her the pretty trunk, with the jaunty hat and feather and red dress. She took them out tenderly, as if a touch would hurt them, and she showed them to her mother and to the great black cat that sat purring by the door, and she talked to Jimmy about them all the time she was adorning him.

“We’ll wear ve old clothes when we haven’t got company,” said she. “Oh my ! how pitty ! how pitty ! And Jimmy can put his arms wound my neck now, his beautiful fat arms !” That was the sweetest pleasure to her of all, that her baby could hug her “as little brover used to hug mover.” It opened so many new delights.

“He shall have a wattle to hold in his

little hand" she said, "a pitty bwight wattle, wiv tinkling bells vat make music as we walk."

The trunk was a marvel of beauty to Judy, who examined it inside and out, her eyes glistening as she noticed the pink cambric lining, and the little tray for Jimmy's hat, and the picture of a country-scene on the inside of the lid. There was a river gliding along, and there were green banks with a growth of the dwarf willow, and plants drooping their blossoms over the stream, and a shallow boat with a boy and girl in it, moving gently as the water flowed. It was quite a new world to Judy, and I knew it would be a pleasure to her to turn to it, and dream over it, when other things grew wearisome. Children have so much imagination, they

make a great deal out of a little. With this one simple picture before her, in the heat of summer time, when people escape from the city to running waters and green pastures and bright blossoms, the poor child could also go out from the close shanty to such freedom and beauty as God has made for all whose thoughts choose breadth and light and glory. Nobody need be pent up. It is exactly as "Patience Strong" says, — "Everybody's little yard-room opens into all out doors." We can all send our heart and our thoughts wherever we please over this wondrous earth, with its treasures scattered from God's bounteous hand and beyond to the everlasting hills, and to the holy city with its shining inhabitants going to and fro in the Divine radiance.

Judy put the new trunk safely away, and kissed her mother, and we two, with Jimmy, went out for our holiday-time ; Mrs. Turner watching us with a glad face, content to endure the burden and toil of life, so that her little tender one might be free and happy. In this compassionate spirit are mothers like our blessed Lord Jesus, who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows, that we might live in hope and joy.

## CHAPTER V.

### JUDY'S FIRST LESSONS.

NOBODY had disturbed Judy's house. It was good that it was far away from the groups of hovels that swarmed with little children. She could leave doors open from day to day, and find things just as safe as if under lock and key. I don't know which of us was happiest, as we sat down to rest and looked about the old cellar.

The ailanthus nodded a welcome, and the plants in Judy's conservatory were as fresh and bright as could be; and the sweet scent of white clover came to us

from the green all about the place. We should not have dreamed that there was a great huddle of houses a short distance away, if we had not occasionally gone up to our front-door to look abroad.

It was Judy's washing-day, and without minding my presence, she got out her tubs, as she called two big chips, and went heartily to work. I held Jimmy, while she scrubbed, and rinsed, and hung out the clothes. She made as much ado over her task as if it were real, and her little face was red and moist from the exertion; and when Jimmy's wardrobe was flapping upon the line, the little mother sat down panting and tired for a minute, and then was up and flitting hither and thither about some other work. She baked bread in her kitchen stove, and

made a molasses-cake for tea, and stewed some dried apples in a sauce-pan ; coming every minute to see if I were weary of the baby, and if he were good and not "cwying for his mover."

"I hope he'll be still a little bit longer," she said, "for I want to wun over and carry a piece of vis nice, hot cake to blind Betty. She lives way across ve gween, wiv nobody to take care of her but little Jake ; he's a good boy. I want my Jimmy to grow up like him, and ven, if I'm blind, he'll help me as Jake helps his mover."

I did not know whether the child was in earnest or not, until I watched her from the topmost steps, as she sped across the clover-dotted turf, and was lost to my sight.

Presently she came back, leading a neat looking lad who was about ten years old. "Vis is Jake," she said. "His mover and my mover used to live in ve same place. Betty and Jake have just moved here. I shall have somebody to play wiv now; mover's willing I should play wiv Jake, cos he's a good boy."

The little fellow was as neat as a new pin, and was evidently in better circumstances than Judy, for he wore shoes and stockings, and his clothes, though coarse, were unpatched.

"Jake can wead," said Judy, proud of her young companion's accomplishments; "such pitty stories!"

That was just what I had been wishing for; somebody to teach little Judy

at such times as I could not myself come to her, for I felt that we must not spend all our leisure time in play, but must be laying the foundation for an earnest, useful life. I had brought a book in my pocket to give my pet her first lesson from, and Jake could keep the letters in her mind until my next visit. There were letters and words alone, without any pictures. I wanted them to be pictures themselves to the child's eye, without the confusion that would come from a mixed thought. Then, when I had fixed the shape of the letters upon her mind, I had pages of pretty pictures without any reading, and I meant often to teach her, after the German fashion, "object lessons;" and by and by, when the right hour

had come, I would combine for her written stories and pictorial illustrations.

She was glad to leave her play for the letters. It was a step towards Jake, and she was eager to learn ; so we made good progress in the very beginning, and as a reward, I told her about the little ants that were running so busily to and fro with their black coats glistening in the sun-light. She on one side of me, and Jake on the other, were ready listeners.

There is nothing so pleasing to children as facts in natural history. Every little space around them is teeming with strange, living, working creatures, that may be made familiar and beautiful to the young, whose early life is spent out of doors. The tiny ant-hills, here and

there, were of slight interest to Judy and Jake until this day, when I showed to them the wonders going on in the under-ground galleries. Judy's eyes sparkled with delight, as I told her how the nurses feed and care for the baby-ants; bringing them up to the surface of the earth to get the sun's heat, and carrying them to a place of safety when bad weather threatens, or when their home is disturbed. She and Jake were especially pleased with the description of the ant cows, or "aphides," or "vine-fretters" whose milk is so precious to the ants, that they often build small clay galleries from their hills up to the trees, and even to the branches upon which the aphides abound, and frequently keep their cows in their own

premises, and gather leaves for them to feed upon.

“What do the ants eat?” asked Judy.

“Don’t you know?” said Jake. “They get into the cake-chest, and the bread-jar, and sugar-bowl, and make such a time in the pantry. Mother says she had as lief have a bear in her closet as these little thieves.”

“And they feast upon small insects, and dead birds, and whatever carcase they can find,” said I. “If we want the skeleton of any small animal thoroughly cleansed, we have only to place it near an ant-hill, when it is quickly stripped of the flesh. They do a great deal of good in this way, by clearing the earth of animal and vegetable substances that would putrefy and create

sickness. God has made nothing without a purpose." The children stooped down to the ground to watch the little busy ants, with a new interest. Judy had to take Jimmy, and show him the bustling active creatures, and tell him what "Miss Karlen" had told her, and when she had finished her little stock of knowledge she came back to me for more.

"I like to hear," she said, with her eager face upturned to mine, and such a craving in it that I must needs try to satisfy her.

"And I love to tell you, dear little Judy, because you are such an attentive hearer. There's ever so much more about these mites of creatures that God has so curiously and wonderfully made.

There are the red ants, real slave-holders. They go in a strong army to the nests of other ants, and steal away the workers when they are too little to resist, and carry them to their own homes, where they make them do service for them when they are old enough. I must get 'Huber' and read to you and Jake the things that I cannot remember without the book. He was the son of the great Huber who wrote on bees. Some men spend all their lives in finding out things for others. It would be wicked if we did not try to learn from these helpers all that we can."

I did not expect my little four years' old pupil to grow suddenly into a mature scholar, and to care more for books and lessons than she did for play. I

should not have liked that at all. I was glad to get down to her tiny level, and amuse myself with the simplest things as she did.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BLIND BETTY.

IT was a rest and refreshing to sit in the old cellar upon a rough board, and hold Jimmy Don, and make believe that I was away back in the long ago, with no interval between;—no interval wherein had been anything less innocent than childrens' follies, less satisfying than childrens' pleasures.

So we three, Jake and Judy and I, put aside our books, and our treatise on Natural History, and went up from our cellar to hunt four-leaved clover; and I was as pleased as could be to

get one first, and Judy and Jake were happy, because they felt me to be a very child with them.

The day was just as beautiful as it could be, with the deep blue of the sky, and the bright green of the earth, and a freshness everywhere, because of recent showers. I looked up at the great celestial dome, and felt myself to be in a temple not made with hands. And God seemed to pervade all things around me. The little girl touched me as I stood with my eyes raised in holy worship.

“What is it?” she asked.

“It is God everywhere, dear little Judy. He is in the heavens, and upon the earth. How glorious the sky is, because of him! What gladness there

is in all the earth! We will love him more and more, will we not? — this good Father who gives us such beauty and such joy. Little children can do him honor and service. He cares for them more than for us grown people, who have wandered often and far from his dear face."

There were tears in my eyes, for I felt my great distance from the purity of the little child before me, but she drew me down to her, and threw ~~my~~ <sup>her</sup> arms around my neck, and laid her soft cheek to mine, and kissed me, and said, "Don't cwy, Miss Karlen, God loves you, and I love you too."

And I felt that he did love me, despite the long interval with its many short comings, and that he is never

very far away from us, although he is high and holy, and inhabiteth eternity; but that he makes his dwelling with the humble and contrite soul.

Little Judy's assurance was as the message of an angel to me, "God loves you Miss Karlen, and I love you too." Oh! this human love, and this Divine! That is what we need, and that is what is so perfectly blended in our blessed Lord Jesus, who knew and provided for all our necessities. A child's simple expression teaches me what fullness is in our gracious Redeemer.

"Will you go and see mother?" said Jake, "'tis not very far from here. She has been blind for two years, and it does her good to be with people though

she can not see them. She says voices and sounds are all the world to her now."

He led, and Judy and I followed. I had nothing to do but to obey my will, and my will was the childrens' will while I was with them. I was having such a grand holiday! I took my play-spell gleefully too, for I knew that in this work-day world, there would be my portion of the burden and the care, and that after this recreation I should be stronger to endure whatever of toil might come.

Betty's house was a trifle larger than Mrs. Turner's, but it lacked the space outside, for we had to reach it through an alley-way that led out of a short street, and there was a row of brick tenements in

front and in the rear. It was farther than "across the green." Children always shorten distances ; their little fresh, fleet limbs so quickly overstride the longest road ! I was tired enough, yet wholly repaid for my weariness. Blind Betty was short and stout, and as blithe as a girl, and she had the sort of wisdom that comes from looking continually within ; and that does us good who keep our eyes open too much upon the world and worldly things.

"It is one of God's children, I know," she said, the moment I had spoken. "You see, Miss Karlen, voices have come to be as faces and forms to me now, and I've learned to look through them for the soul, as I used to look through peoples' eyes, and I am never mistaken. I can tell

when the love of the Father is there, just as well as if I should hear them say it."

Jake gave her the bunch of clover that he had picked, and she pinned it to her bosom, talking in the meantime of the visions that it brought to her.

"Oh the great, green sweep with these honey-blossoms spread over it, and the golden-legged bees sipping and sipping, and butterflies flitting about, and the little rosy children making merry all the day!"

She did not say it sadly, as if she were sorrowing over any thing in her life that had passed away; but exultingly, as if it were a beautiful thing in her memory that nobody could take from her, and that gave her cause for thanksgiving. Judy climbed upon her lap and gazed pitifully upon the sightless eyes, and Betty seemed

to know that the child was thinking of her misfortune, for she said, "Never mind. If my eyes are shut, Jake's and yours are open wide, dear little daughter, and can see for me all that is good and beautiful; and as to the evil, why, we ought to be thankful when we are not permitted to see that."

Blind Betty makes her living by fancy-work. She can crochet such pretty collars, and make such beautiful baskets of beads strung upon wire. Jake sells them, going from door to door, and every body is willing to help and encourage those who try to help themselves.

"Perhaps you'd like one of my baskets," said she, as I was examining them, and wondering at the skill that God gives to the hands when he takes away the sight.

“I want you to have the very prettiest as a token of gratitude. Little Judy has been telling me all about your kindness to her, and my heart warms to those who befriend the widowed and the fatherless.”

I could not think what I had done, except to please myself, by playing with Judy; but I knew what joy it is for the poor to be sometimes givers, and so I took a little blue and gold basket; promising Betty a new stock of beads when I should come again. She showed me some trinkets that Jake had made—ear-rings and bracelets of beads, and toys cut from soft wood—the sale of which helped to bring in something.

“Jake was like a man in the house,” she said; “so steady at his work, and such a provider!”

The boy looked pleased at this praise, and replied, "'Tis my mother that I work for, ma'am."

I was not sorry for this new acquaintance, made through Judy, whose world was fast becoming my world. There were four now to think of and feel an interest in, instead of the one little, strange child I had met beside the shanty door.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OVER THE OCEAN.

I DID not dream that day, when I bade the blind woman good-bye, and parted from Jake and little Judy, at the road which led to the car, that it would be quite three years before I should see my little girl and her baby again. Almost the last glimpse I had of her was as she put Jimmy Don's fat arms around her neck and kissed him, her blue eyes beaming with motherly rapture upon her darling.

There was another little girl that was very dear to me, who must be carried across the ocean, and with whom no body

but "Aunt Karlen" could go ; so, before there was time to take a jaunt in the horse-cars, we were on board a steamer, puffing our way over the broad sea. I had told Cathey of my little pet, and together we made up a box to be sent to her after we had left. Cathey had a new wardrobe, and the old one, very nice and pretty still, went in the box to Mrs. Turner for Judy. There were shoes and stockings and whole suits of under-clothes, and dresses, bonnets, and books ; and a large doll that could cry, and open and shut its eyes. I should like to have been there when the box was received, and see how Judy would feel about the doll ; whether it would take all the room in her motherly heart, or if she would still cling to Jimmy, as real mothers cling to their lit-

tle deformed children and love them best, though others, bright and beautiful, may be born to them. I did not forget the stock of beads for blind Betty, and a box of carving-tools for Jake, and some dress-patterns of delaine for Mrs. Turner, to whom I also sent a well-filled purse.

All my plans for Judy were nipped in the bud. I could not teach and help her as I intended to do, but somehow felt that she would push upward through life, and be all that God designed her, without any assistance of mine. There were the public schools in which every boy and girl, however poor, could learn by a thorough system, and if the desire for knowledge is in us, we can satisfy the craving. I thought of Judy, and often talked of her to little Cathey, as we sat on the deck

watching the great waves with their white crests ; but there was so much anxiety in my heart for the little, wan figure beside me, that I could not give much thought to any thing else. Judy would be five years old in a month, Cathey was already seven, and both were mature for their age ; — the one, from the self-reliance that is forced upon the children of the poor, the other, from a life-long sickness which had taken the blithesomeness out of her childhood.

Dear, little Cathey ! How patient she was, how full of sweetness, and how well did she repay all my watching and nursing, by her love and trust in the Great Father, and by the glimpses she gave me, through her fine, beautiful nature, of that spirit which we older people must covet

and try to possess if we would have the kingdom of heaven !

“ The sea is so wonderful ! ” she said, fixing her large, dreamy eyes upon the blue-green waters. “ I wish I knew what is down there in the deep places ; tell me. It seems to me like the heavens that I look into, up, up, past the stars, till I seem to see God. It is just so down in the beautiful ocean ; we are sure to meet him every where, are we not, auntie ? ”

“ Every where, darling, if we climb up into heaven, or go down into the deep. It is pleasant to know that. His hand has fashioned the bed of the ocean as well as the dry land on which we live. There are mountains and valleys under the waves, and green plants, and pretty pearls and shells, and such marvelous creatures glid-

ing about within the waters ; and above it, the sea-birds flapping their wings, and diving now and then for their food."

Every morning Nurse Hannah brought a light mattress and put it into the bow of the boat, and there we would stay all the day, never weary of the great stretch of waters so constantly changing before our eyes. The sooty-black petrel came skimming along the waves, and gulls and other aquatic birds. The fishes leaped and gamboled in the foam, and the music of the winds and waves lulled us into such dreamings, that we often wondered if we were awake. Before we had time to make up our minds upon this question, we were in port, and amidst a strange people, but happy, under the beautiful skies of Italy.

Among the mountains, where the tall

chestnuts grow, and where the goats went leaping from rib to rib of the great rocks, Cathey and I had our beautiful southern home. We were to be very quiet for a while, till my little invalid had gained strength, and then her father was to cross the ocean and join us, and travel with his little daughter, and so give her the knowledge which she was not well enough to derive from books. God puts one gift over against another. To poor Judy he gave robust health, and to rich but sickly Cathey, plenty of money. To some he gives the power to plod and dig for learning, to others, whose brains will not bear the strain and effort of study, the easy way of gathering knowledge through the eyes.

We were very comfortable, — my little

niece, Nurse Hannah and I, with Beppo and good Antonia and their two daughters in the little farmhouse, whence we could look out upon the women as they worked in the field in their pretty peasant costumes ; the broad, Italian hat shading them from the sun. There were lines of poplars, and rows of pines and olive-trees, making the landscape green and beautiful. Wheat and rye were waving in the breeze, and in the distance, though not very far away, the high hills looked up toward heaven, and caught its majesty and glory. Cathey loved the mountains so !

“ You know, auntie dear,” she said, “ Jesus touched the mountains often with his sacred feet. It seems to me but a step from that high peak where the sun is

shining, right into the beautiful city where the angels are. Oh, if I were only strong enough to get to the very top ! But that sounds like being sorry to lie here and see the glory. I'm not sorry, nor unhappy. I'm very glad, and contented, even if I should never be well, nor climb the high hills with Celia and Julia. Here they come, the good girls, with their hands full of blue corn-flowers and red poppies ! They have not forgotten the little, sick girl. It is so nice to be cared for, and to have people think of you ! ”

Every day the vase on Cathey's table was filled with these bright, beautiful blossoms, and with the yellow saffron flowers. The two girls would come and tell her stories, and in the time of vintage they brought clusters of ripe grapes in big

vine leaves ; and when the chestnuts were gathered, they often roasted some for the little, delicate stranger, who had been thrown upon their love and pity.

How nice Julia and Celia looked in their holiday dress,—their gay petticoats and scarlet corsets, and pretty shoes and stockings. When the Sunday morning broke over the mountain-tops, the two girls and their father and mother tripped off to early service at the little chapel on the hill-side, a mile away ; and Cathey watched them from the high windows, as their bright colors flashed in and out among the green vines.

“They look like birds,” she said, as they grew smaller and smaller to her sight, and only the brilliant patches shone like veins here and there amidst the verdure. An-

tonia called them always her “singing birds,” they were so blithe and gay; trilling their sweet, Italian songs, as they went merrily about their work, as careless and as happy as these creatures of the air, which sow not nor reap, nor gather into barns, and yet are fed by a bounteous hand.

Cathey and I learned their soft, musical language, and almost forgot our mother-tongue, except when the long home-letters came, which made us wish to go back again across the sea. Then we would pour out our whole hearts in our native English, and droop for a day, when the cheerfulness would return to us and we would laugh and be gay with our peasant companions.

It was amusing to see them drive off

in their donkey-cart to market, laden with vegetables, and surrounded by bouquets of wild-flowers tastefully grouped and tied for sale. Truely, Beppo and his wife had reason to be proud of their singing birds, that brought not only pleasure but profit to their home.

Slowly but surely little Cathey gained strength, till she could go out and walk among the flowers and vines ; and by-and-by could reach the beautiful Alp on the mountain's shoulder, and see the women and children tending the cattle and making cheese, and gathering leaves for the goats, and mowing the sweet, short hay, and plying the distaff. It was so different from our land, where the women are sheltered and cared for, and the men take the rough, out-door labor. Except the

spinning and the cheese-making, Cathey did not quite like this toil for the women ; but they were healthy and happy, and the active life in the open air made them lively and cheerful. How rosy their cheeks were ! How their eyes sparkled ! and as they moved about in the sunlight, the broad, golden hoops in their ears shook and glistened with their every motion.

Before a year had passed Cathey's father was with us, and we were upon the move nearly all the time ; but there were new beauties everywhere in the landscape, and we had not a minute in which to be homesick. There were great, rocky heights, with their faces like jewels, purple, and green, and red, and yellow, and gray and many other tints ; and there were green vines carried up over these natural trell-

lises, hanging gracefully, and the pretty ferns and flowers peeping from the crevices of the rocks. Oh, how glorious the mountains were with this blossoming and verdure below, and at the tops of some the pure snow, and the fleecy clouds hanging above it! Then the busy peasants met us all along our route with up-heaped baskets of fruit, and bright yellow ears of maize. Their costume varied in different parts of the country. Here, the women wore scarlet cloth dresses, and blue aprons, with a neatly frilled chemise, and the men, a scarlet waistcoat faced with blue; a blue coat, red leggins, and a scarlet, woolen cap. There, the girls were clad in blue trowsers, and a short, blue petticoat, and a loose outer jacket; a low scarlet bodice, buttoned in front, and a snow-white chemise

of bleached hemp, with full sleeves and a lace frill; a red kerchief knotted behind the head, or a blue kerchief upon the head, and a scarlet hem round the bottom of the blue petticoat.

Cathey was most surprised by the processions, which, at the sound of the bells on some feast-day, wound along to the churches. There was the melody of chanting in the air, and there were banners and crucifixes, and gilt lanterns on poles, and long lines of peasants, each line in different attire, and nearly all of them women and girls; the women wearing wide, white vails which fell below the waist, and the children having white frocks and vails, and wreaths of roses round the head and garlands of flowers in the hand. The priests brought up the

rear, in richly embroidered vestments of purple, fine linen, and gold brocade, carrying the gold-enshrined "pyx," or box in which the wafer is kept, and the massive silver crucifixes, and the chorister-boys followed in white surplices. The umbrellas of green, crimson, orange-blue, striped, and yellow, made the scene very pleasing and picturesque to a little child, and to any body who had an eye for beauty and variety of color.

It was fun to us to stop at the chalets, when we were tired of our mule-rides, and sit down to eat the rye bread and goat's-cheese, which seemed a rare feast to hungry appetites. The peasants made nice omelets for us, and we had peas boiled in the pod, which we learned to like very much indeed. We had gone up from

southern Italy, and were chiefly among the Swiss Alps, and the months went like so many weeks ; there was so much to gather to take home with us.

We heard now and then from Judy, through a friend. The little thing was half-crazed over the beautiful doll, and the nice things that we had sent her ; but when the excitement was gone, she punished herself for her momentary neglect of Jimmy by laying the new baby away for a day in the box, and devoting herself entirely to her first-born. After that, she talked to him of his sister, and laid the children side by side to sleep, with the brother's arm protectingly over the sister's neck.

Cathey was so well now that she needed only father and Nurse Hannah, and I was

glad to turn my face westward again for a season. My pet hung upon me, and would scarcely permit me to leave her; but I promised to go back to her after a little while, with news from every body at home; and so she kissed me a cheerful good-bye one morning when the sun lay bright in the valley. "God will keep his arm around us both, dear auntie," she said. "I think he will surely bring us together again."

If it had not been for these sweet, trustful words, I should not have been able to turn away from her with so bright a face. It is such a long leap across the Atlantic!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### JUDY'S NEW HOUSE.

THINGS will not stop for us just where they are, when we go away for a year or more from any place. Mrs. Turner's shanty was no longer on the gold-be-spangled green, and over Judy's cellar a fine, large house was built. I went up instead of down some steps, and rang a bell, and asked if the people could tell me any thing of a little girl called Judy Turner, who used to play about there, and the lady of the house said "No. How can I keep the run of all the children that roam the street?"

It was not a very courteous answer, but every body does not know and practice the grace of true politeness. I thought, of course, all the people in that vicinity must be acquainted with little Judy, but the lady had never seen her, and did not even know her name.

Then I went to the house where Betty and Jake lived, and strange faces met me. It was such a disappointment!

I had been too impatient to seek first the friend who wrote to me of my little girl, and had gone directly to the old place, thinking to see the little ailanthus-tree with many an added branch, and to play at house-keeping with Jimmy and his mother.

When I did seek my friend, she could only tell me where my pet lived. She had

not seen her for a long time. Her interests lay in other people, and in other quarters, and she had only looked after Judy, once in a great while, to send news to me across the water.

Ah, I caught them at last! Far away from the old place, quite at the other end of the city, in a tenement house; but up, up toward the roof, where they could breathe the air of heaven, rather than the lower stratum, which is not so sweet to take into the lungs. They were under one shelter now,—Betty and Jake, and Judy and her mother; the first two at one end of the hall, in the back rooms, and the last two at the other end, in front apartments, a bed-room and a “parlor.”

Judy flew to meet me, when the door opened, and she saw who it was; but she

was not exactly the little girl that I left standing at the end of the car-route, with bare feet, and worn, scant frock.

She had improved wonderfully, somehow. It may be that Cathey's clothes had put Cathey's proud spirit into her, but I think not. I think she had always the spirit to be nice and tidy, but the means had been lacking. She had grown a head taller, and had lost her babyish way of talking, and could sound her th's and r's as well as I could ; but in one thing she was my own Judy, and that was in the trustful, clinging disposition which had first attracted me. I was glad to find that her blue eyes were sunnier than ever, and her brown hair had a fine gloss upon it; and hung in great, loose curls about her head. She wore a blue calico dress, and

a white bib apron, and neat little boots, buttoned over the whitest of stockings ; and she had been sitting at a stand by the window, getting her lessons.

Her mother was younger than when I left, instead of older.

“God has blessed me very much,” she said. “I have had plain sewing and plenty of it, since the gift of your full purse enabled me to change my home. We are all doing well now, thanks to our heavenly Father !”

There was an ingrain carpet on the floor,—a pretty pattern which made one think of green grass and fern leaves,—and the furniture, though cheap, was tasteful, and there was an air of comfort in the place that one does not always see in the luxurious homes of the rich. It is

such a rare and blessed gift, this power to make even the humblest things minister to our ease and pleasure ! Money cannot purchase it. It must come direct from the hand of God. It is a better talent than silver. I had not been long in the room before I espied what my eyes had been eagerly peering about to see. Judy's baby-house had received additions. Under the table, at the side of the room, was a little willow cradle, and in it lay Jimmy Don and the beautiful little sister, side by side, in the sweetest relationship.

“ Jimmy loves her so ! ” said Judy, following the direction of my gaze, and taking the two children from their resting place.

She had not outgrown nor forgotten her motherliness, and the imagination, which

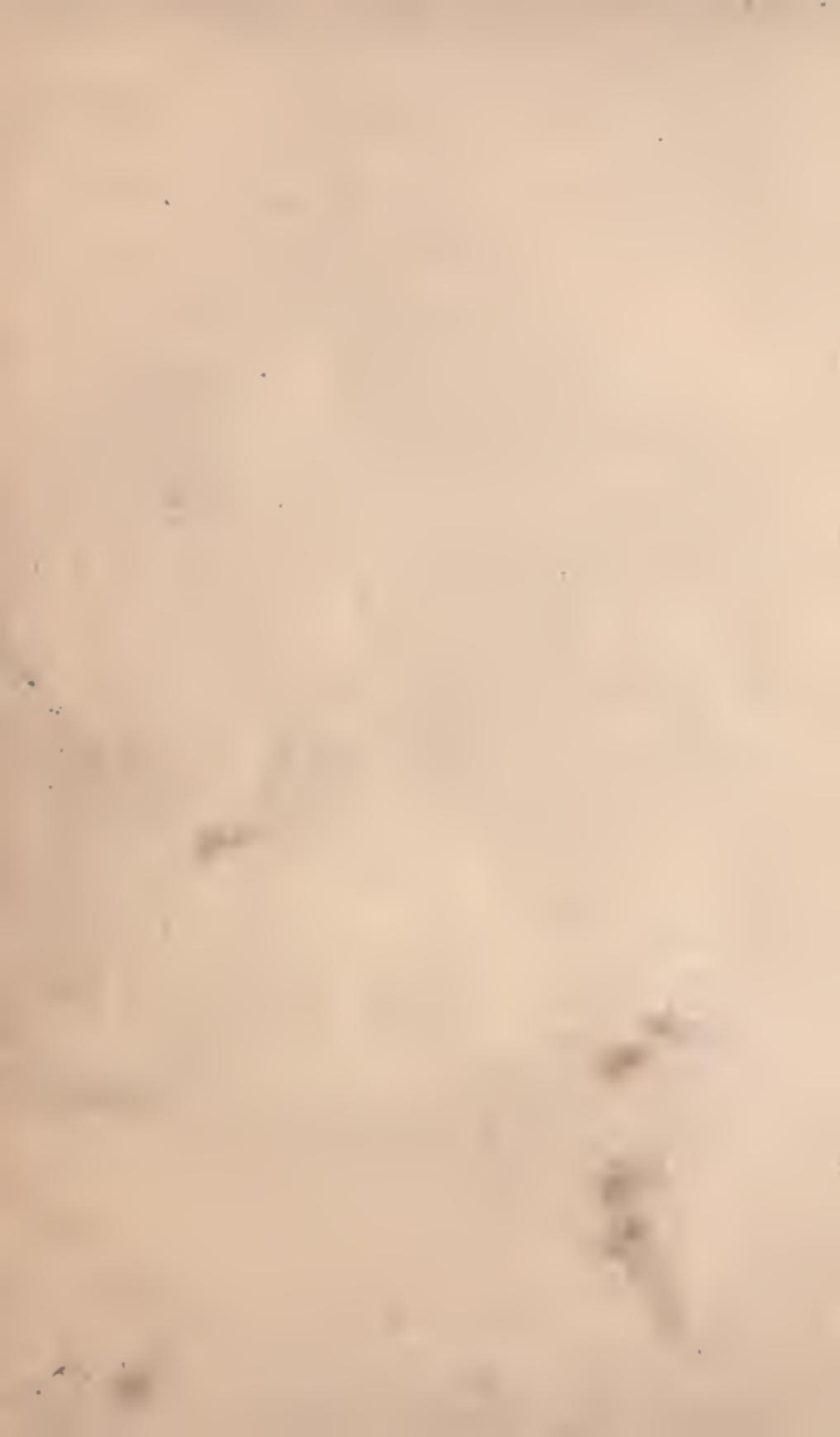
used to have such full play as we sat on the green velvet sofa in the old cellar, was just as vivid now as ever.

“You see,” she said, holding out the same little demijohn with the cork face, that had amused me long-ago, “Jimmy is getting to be a great boy now; he can walk and talk, and take some care of his little sister. I teach him to watch over her, and to be very careful of her, for that’s the way for boys when they are older than the girls. Jimmy thinks the world of Rosa.”

It was toward sunset when I made this first visit to my Judy, and I could not stay a great while; but I sat down by the window, and took her and the two babies in my arms, and we watched the glow of the heavens, and talked together of the little



JIMMY AND ROSY.



Cathey, far away among the southern hills, and of the time when God should bring us all to one eternal home.

"It is nice to be all together," said Judy. "We've had good times since we lived here."

She was thinking of Betty and Jake then. She was not quite ready to leave present realities. Children are content with the *now*; older people are always looking forward to something to come, and the very aged go back to dwell in their childhood.

"I must look in upon Betty before I go," I said.

"Jake is in a store," said Judy; "he gets good wages. He is thirteen years old now, and has grown tall. He comes in and helps me with my books when-

ever he can. Jake is such a good boy!"

"And does Betty still make the pretty baskets?"

"Oh, yes. What would become of her, if her poor hands had to be idle! I saw a blind woman the other day, who did not know how to do any thing, and her fingers kept picking at her dress, and doubling the bottom of the skirt into little folds all the time; and she worked her jaws as if they were scissors, opening and shutting them as fast as she could. I pitied her, and was sorry she did not make bead baskets, or knit, or crotchet mats and collars, as Betty does."

"And you go to school, little Judy?"

"Such a pleasant place!" she replied. "A great, brick schoolhouse, with room for

hundreds and hundreds of children, whether they have money or not. And we have such good, kind teachers, and music, and a beautiful play-ground at recess, and I find so many little girls to love, and we say such nice lessons ;— Oh, I like school, Miss Karlen ! I can read almost as well as Jake, and am learning geography and arithmetic and definer, and I am often at the head of my class, and that makes me very proud and very happy."

"They call Judy a bright scholar," said Mrs. Turner. "The child gets on finely with her studies, and is promoted every quarter. She is like her father in her love of books. I don't think she can do better than to get all the knowledge she can. It is worth more than other riches, because it can not take wings and fly away."

## CHAPTER IX.

### GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT.

MRS. TURNER was such a sensible person! I liked to talk with her. She was not always fretting because her lot was cast in a lowly place, and because she had to work while others lived at ease, and because there was honey and the wheaten loaf on many a table, while hers had only rye bread and cheese.

“God puts things just where they ought to be,” she said. “If it were best for me to be in a grand house, with horses and carriages and servants and gold at my command, I should be sure

to have them ; but I doubt not these attic rooms are the rounds on the silver ladder that lead me nearer to heaven. I might be proud and lofty if I had wealth and grandeur, and I might be looking always on the glitter of my worldly goods ; whereas now, Judy and I sit here in the evening, when the day's work is all done, and look up at the stars, and beyond them to the glory that is promised by-and-by."

"So you are satisfied that God is not partial when he gives to one wealth, and to another poverty ?" said I, to test her faith. It bore proving better than I thought it would.

"More than satisfied that he is all wisdom and goodness," she said. "What we call riches, may in his sight be the worst

poverty, especially if it work to the loss of the soul, as gold too often does. God partial! Oh, no! He gives to every one of his creatures the thing that is right. I should not wish to exchange my lot for any other in the world. Judy and I have had such blessings and joy in this life, and it is so good to think that this is not all, but that there is a house with God above. It would be strange if we were not satisfied."

There were steps outside the door, just as I arose to go, and Betty and Jake came in. So the end of the three years had brought us five together again.

The old, blind woman put her hand tenderly upon my forehead, and let it slide gradually down my face, as if she were taking measure to see what changes the months had wrought, if any.

She said "My child!" to me with such large-hearted benevolence, as if she could take all the world under her motherly wing. "And so you have been abroad, and have seen more and more of God's love and power. It is a mercy to them that take it in rightly. It isn't every body that is enlarged by travel. There are some people whom the more you feed, the leaner they grow. I am sure you are not one of these last, Miss Karlen. I can feel the fullness in your face, which I know is in your heart."

I was almost afraid of Betty, she seemed, without eyes, to see so much farther than others see with them, that it gave me a sort of awe to be near her. But, then, she interpreted me so kindly.

Jake was as fine a looking lad as one

would wish to see. He had a manly figure for a boy of his age, and a frank, honest face that would make its way any where, and beget perfect confidence. I had to sit down again with the little party all round me, and tell them something of what I had seen and heard; and they listened with such delight that it was worth the time and money I had spent away from home.

Betty insisted, when I had finished talking, that she had herself been on the same travels, and laughed to think with how much more ease she had accomplished them. And Jake and Judy followed me on the map, and stopped for the night just where I had left little Cathey, with the golden morning about her, when she said, "God will keep his arm around us both,

dear auntie, and I think he will surely bring us together again."

It was a pleasant place to stop; not far from the foot of a mountain, on whose sides the forest was falling into shade.

I shut my eyes for a minute, and recalled, as in a strange dream, one evening when Cathey and her father and I sat at the foot of the mountain, on the bank of a river, to see a religious procession pass. It wound down a zig-zag track among the dense trees, the many voices chanting the Gregorian tones, and the river murmuring a symphony. First came a cross, borne aloft, with banners, and gilt lanterns, and poles, followed by a hundred and fifty women, two and two, dressed in long white robes, and white, hood-like veils. Then another crucifix, with banners, and a

hundred and fifty men wrapped in mantles of brown sackcloth, and all with rosaries of white beads. Another cross headed a long, double file of women enveloped in black, followed by a large body of men in the same somber garb, and wearing black hoods ; then about two hundred in white, and, lastly, the priests. A canopy of crimson satin overshadowed the arch-deacon, who, with his canons, were robed in their embroidered vestments of crimson and white satin, and gold. The procession had come from a long distance, and a great crowd followed them into the city to the cathedral, where they went to offer up their prayers.

I told this dream to my little party, and old Betty, said “God has made it a very easy pilgrimage to the throne of his grace ;

shall we not go there before we part to-night?"

We were very glad to do so, for we all felt the need of his refreshing; so when we had humbly knelt in his presence, and said "Our Father," there was the peace in our hearts which little children have at night, as they are folded in their parents' arms and receive the kiss of love and benediction; only a greater peace than that,—the peace that passeth all understanding.

Jake went home to my door with me, and talked all the way of Judy, asking if I did not think her a little beauty, and telling me more about her graces and accomplishments than I could have learned in many days by my own observation.

"You see I live where I can know all about her," he said. "She saves her mo-

ther every step that she can, and is as kind as a daughter to *my* mother; and her face is always smiling and happy. She's the best little creature I ever saw, and the neatest and prettiest!"

It was so much to be glad for, that I almost forgot Cathey that night, and went to sleep thinking more of the little girl close by than of the traveler far away; but Cathey came to me in my dreams before the morning, with a peasant's garb on, and a wreath of the blue corn-flowers about her head, and I was not sure until the sunlight showed me my empty room, that she had not been really beside my bed. So God blesses us with these visits of our dear ones, that make the time of our separation seem shorter and less sad.

## CHAPTER X.

### BLIND BETTY'S BLESSING.

THERE were so many home duties for me during the twelve months of my proposed absence from Cathey, that I could not go very often to see little Judy, but so long as she was doing well, both in mind and body, I was fully satisfied. Only I felt the need to break away now and then from the luxuries and frivolities of life which surrounded me, and to go up into the pure and simple atmosphere of Mrs. Turner's attic rooms, and hear the freshness of a little child's earnest language, and the eloquent preaching of

blind Betty, which always touched my soul.

There were two dormer-windows in Judy's parlor, and she had filled one of them with the plants that were most beautiful and vigorous. It seemed as if the sun rejoiced to draw forth their full splendor, for the leaves were large and green, and the blossoms as fragrant and lovely as could be. Heliotrope and mignonnette, and purple and white stocks mingled their sweet odors, and shed a delicious perfume through the room. Jake had made a large cage and hung it outside the window, and here the little sparrows had made their home, and chirped merrily all the day. It had an ever open door, and they went in and out at pleasure, and ate of the crumbs that my little girl scattered

upon the window-sill. Upon the roof of an adjoining house that jutted out a little below, tame pigeons billed and cooed, and looked with side-long glances at the sparrows and the flowers and the little girl who was prettier than all. Opposite the windows, lifted against the sky, was a gilt cross pointing heavenward from a tall church spire. Sometimes a dove perched upon it to rest, and smooth his ruffled feathers after a long and weary flight.

Ah, it is only upon the cross of our dear Lord that any of us can have sweet rest and peace! We may roam the world over on fluttering wing, but we must come back to the one true support; and then we may sit and sing in the sunlight, contented and blest.

Betty had not the same pleasant view,

but then it did not matter, since her eyes turned inward. I think her soul was a rare and beautiful garden, where the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley grew. She seemed always to see the bloom, and to breath the fragrance. The Lord God walks almost visibly to the righteous blind. He makes up in a two-fold measure to them for what they lose of the beauty of earth. I am sure of this, because I have often heard them talk of such visions as my open eyes never beheld. They are almost always happy. They put their whole trust in him, and he never fails such as give him all their confidence.

Betty called me into her room the day before I was again going to cross the ocean. She stood in the middle of the floor; the sunlight streamed around her,

just as it fell in a great flood in Mrs. Turner's shanty the time that Judy held out her baby for a warm bath. Betty seemed as one glorified. I knew she was going to talk to me of something that had cheered her own soul, and which would prove a cheering and a blessing to me many a time, when life would seem to lack sunshine.

"So we are to lose you to-morrow," she said. "I've been thinking very much about you, Miss Karlen, and about the many meetings that belong to this world. It has brought back the time when I had a little home of my own under the big elms in the green country. There was my husband and little Jake. I thought that joy would last for ever, and I put my whole heart in it; but God took away such a false hope,

and gave me something more enduring. So long as all my soul was set on these things, every little change made me sorrowful. Now I am looking more to the end, and whatever I have to pass through is but a step toward that. I do not dwell upon the shadows that flit across my pathway. Beyond them stands our Lord Jesus, and his brightness reaches me always."

Ah, I could see that! It was like a garment of light falling around her, and transfiguring her. I envied her, poor and sightless though she was.

She came close to me, and put her hands upon my head, and said, "God bless you! Remember, whatever shadows come there is a fixed brightness and glory beyond. Don't let the world, the flesh, or

the devil get the dominion over you. Serve the Master that you have long served,—the gracious and loving Master, and you will never have much cause for sadness."

That was the last time I ever saw blind Betty. Before I had finished my long pilgrimage abroad, she was in a fuller light than earth affords, and had a clear and perfect vision.

Judy and I had a long, long parting interview, sitting on the window with the moon shining in upon us ; for I chose the evening in which to say good-bye to her.

" You will be grown a young woman by the time I come to you again, if God spares our lives," I said. " I have many and many a hope for you, dear little daughter, and first of all, that you may

be God's own child, and be very close to him ; never forgetting your prayers by day or by night, and always remembering that his eye is upon you and sees all that you do, and that his ear is open to hear all that you say. I hope for none but good and pleasant words to fall from your lips, and none but virtuous deeds to be done by your hands."

The child leaned her head upon my breast, and fastened her gaze upon me. "I love to hear you talk," she said ; "it is beautiful here in the night with only the lights in the sky. The moon will shine on you and me when you are far away ; the same moon, Miss Karlen, the *same* moon !"

"Yes, darling, the very same. I hope it will always find us doing what our Father will be pleased with."

Then I went back to my subject. "So many things that I wish you to do, little Judy, before you are a grown woman. So much to learn now while you are a child, and have no heavy cares,—things that will help you by-and-by to bear the burden of it, should it come."

"I'll study very hard," she said, "and Jake will help me; and between school hours I can take some of the work off mother's hands. I can sew such good shirt seams now, she says, and am her little helper."

"That is nice; I am sure you will be her great helper by-and-by, and that you will be able to keep house as neatly as mother does; and if God permits you to be married, and to have a home of your own, and little children, that you will

make every body happy around you, and be such a blessing as a good woman alone can be."

She clapped her hands merrily at the thought of a house of her own, and jumped down from my lap to tuck Rosa snugly in the cradle, as if her housewifely and motherly cares had already begun. Jimmy, being a big boy, sat up a little later in his high chair near us; but the time came to bid adieu both to Judy and to him, and she skipped down the stairs after me, holding him by one hand, and telling him to say good-night to the lady who made his pretty red dress, and gave him the hat with the red feather.

Mrs. Turner and Jake met at the foot of the steps, and the boy politely escorted me home. I was glad of the chance to

put a parting gift into his hand for Judy, and for each of my friends in the attic. "You can buy what you please with it," I said. "I can not tell what you all want."

## CHAPTER XI.

### JUDY A WOMAN.

EIGHT years more of wandering in strange countries! Who can tell what changes such an interval must bring to the old, familiar scenes! And who can tell how much of good one may gather as one goes from spot to spot over God's beautiful world.

I found my Cathey in the city of Venice. She was out with her father and Nurse Hannah in a gondola, and before she knew that I had arrived, I had stepped into another boat, and had told the gondolier to overtake the party that I could see,

not far away. So we shot smoothly over the smooth waters, and my gray silk scarf streamed like a banner from the window, and almost touched Cathey's hand as we approached. She gave a little scream of joy, and insisted on coming into my gondola, and we rowed side by side to our hotel, a merry and a happy party.

I can not begin to tell you where we went after this, nor what we saw ; that is not my purpose now. I must leave all these intervening years for another time ; must skip them, in fact, and come back again to show you my Judy as she appeared to me after eight years had passed, and she was a woman grown.

Before I had time to go in search of her, as I was walking in a pleasant avenue that made the city houses seem like coun-

try, I heard such an eager, glad cry,— “Miss Karlen! Miss Karlen!” and who do you think it was? Why, nobody but Jake; tall and handsome, with a broad open forehead, which showed a frank, pure nature, and clear, earnest eyes into which one loved to look. He was coming down the gravel walk from a cosey cottage home, and who should be close beside him but my Judy, with her great, brown curls tossing in the breeze, and in her arms the brightest, prettiest little fellow, six months old. Grandmamma Turner was close behind them, and their joy at seeing me was excessive. I went to sit with them in the rose-covered porch of the cottage, to learn all about this great transformation. I stared for a minute with wondering eyes. “I am sure of you three,” I said.

“Mrs. Turner, and Judy and Jake, but”—touching the little fat lump in my pet’s arms,—“who in the world is this?”

“Who in the world could it be,” said grandmamma proudly, “but Jake’s and Judy’s baby?”

I was not a bit sorry that every thing had turned out just as it did, for I knew that Jake was as good a young fellow as one would wish to see; and as for my little girl, she had not her equal any where, and they were all so thrifty and so happy! God had been with them from the beginning, and had led them to pleasant places. It was so gracious and good of him!

I was not content till I had the little white dumpling in my arms, tossing him and playing with him, and feasting on his rosy, dimpled cheeks.

“And what have you named him?” I asked, giving him one more leap in the air, and bringing him down to rest on my knee; and I was not at all surprised to hear Judy say,—“We call the little fellow ‘Jimmy Don.’”

I liked that; it showed a strong, earnest, loving nature that clings to the uttermost. And they all seemed pleased because I was pleased, and Judy led me into the house and showed me all the comfort and beauty within. There was a tiny greenhouse, with a little fountain gurgling, and every thing was pretty.

But what amused and delighted me most of all, was the little, old, willow cradle, with Rosa and the demijohn hugged up under the patchwork quilt, as they used to be in the long, long ago.

THE END.







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